

NEW WORKS
by
Student Composers
at the University of Alberta

Tuesday, April 15, 2008
at 8:00 pm

Fine Arts Building 1-23
University of Alberta

Program



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

NEW WORKS FOR STRING QUARTET

Expansion (2008)

Guillaume Laroche

Three Movements for String Quartet (2008) Trifon Heney

- i Into Glare Beyond
- ii The Truth About Sausage
- iii Photons

Eric Buchmann, violin
Virginie Gagné, violin
Charles Pilon, viola
Julie Amundsen, cello
Russell Whitehead, conductor

NEW WORKS FOR TWO PIANOS AND TWO PERCUSSION

Twisted Minimalism (2007)

Trifon Heney

Three Scenes (2007)

Guillaume Laroche

Four Lines (2007)

Jesse Fegelman

Roger Admiral, piano
Jeremy Spurgeon, piano
Brian Jones, percussion
Stephen Stone, percussion
Russell Whitehead, conductor

Upcoming Events

April

18 Friday, 8:00 pm

Music at Convocation Hall II

Kathleen Corcoran, soprano

Guillaume Tardif, violin

Tanya Prochazka, cello

Roger Admiral, piano

Ken Read, bass trombone

Brian Jones, percussion

Andriy Talpash, conductor

Works by Bashaw, Talpash and
Hannesson

Admission: \$20/adult,

\$15/senior, \$10/student

Advance tickets are available

exclusively at TIX on the

Square, 420-1757, and tickets

are available at the door

24 Thursday, 8:00 pm

Visiting Artist Recital

Jassen Todorov, violin

William Corbett-Jones, piano

Mozart Sonata in B Flat, K 454

Szymanowski Three Paganini

Caprices

Ysaye Solo Sonata No. 5

Ravel Sonata

General admission at the door:

\$10. Free admission to

University of Alberta staff and
students

22 Tuesday, 5:00 pm

Hear's To Your Health

Jasmine Lin, violin

Marina Hoover, cello

Patricia Tao, piano

Rachmaninoff Elegiac Trio No. 1

Schubert Trio in B-Flat Major,

D. 898

Foyer, Bernard Snell

Auditorium, Walter MacKenzie

Health Sciences Centre,

University Hospital

Free admission



Unless otherwise indicated

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

Advance tickets are available at TIX on the Square, 420-1757,
and tickets are available at the door.

Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without
notice. For verification of concerts and events, please visit our Website
at www.ualberta.ca/music or call 492-0601.

Rebecca Claborn, mezzo-soprano
John-Paul Ksiazek, harpsichord & piano

In Recital

April 18, 2008

Holy Trinity Anglican Church

Program

Sfogava con le stelle
Dolcissimo sospiro
Amarilli, mia bella

Guilio Caccini (1551 – 1618)

Exulta, filia Sion
Voglio di vita uscir

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

Interval

Frauenliebe und Leben

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süsser Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Verschwiegene Liebe
Gebet
Mignon

Hugo Wolf (1860 – 1903)

We would like to thank Holy Trinity Anglican Church for the use of their
beautiful church, piano, and harpsichord.

Giulio Caccini (1551 – 1618) was an Italian composer of the late Renaissance and early Baroque period. For most of his life he lived in Florence and was employed at court. A contemporary of Claudio Monteverdi, he is most noted for his contributions to the genre of secular monody, or songs for solo voice and basso continuo. His collection of monodies known as *Le Nuove Musiche* was one of the first of its kind; it is especially notable for Caccini's preface on the proper way to sing his pieces. The songs are often characterized by a recitative-like quality in the freedom of the tempo and by virtuosic vocal ornamentation. However, at times their beauty comes from their simplicity, as in the song *Amarilli*.

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643) is one of the most important musical figures in history. As a composer of the late Renaissance and early Baroque, his music incorporates elements of both periods and is remarkably forward-looking, foreshadowing many of the most important elements of Baroque style. *Exulta Filia Sion* is a joyous sacred piece filled with characteristic Monteverdian rhythmic vitality and coloratura. The virtuosic passages challenge the singer while perfectly embodying the rejoicing depicted in the text.

Voglio di vita uscir is a secular work found in manuscripts rather than published music, and utilizes a chaconne bassline similar to that in Monteverdi's famous madrigal for two tenors *Zefiro torna*. The poetry is about unrequited love, as are many of the texts that Monteverdi set; in this instance, the dance-like rhythms of the first part of the piece contrast with the sorrow conveyed in the text. In the second part of the piece, however, the dance rhythms dissolve into a more lyrical section which beautifully reflects the text.

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856) was one of the most important composers of the Romantic era. Best known for his songs and piano works, he also composed works for all of the other genres of his time. He was also an important and influential music critic. The story of Schumann's battle for the hand of his teacher's daughter Clara Weick is one of the great romantic stories of classical music. Many of his best-loved songs were composed as a result of his love for Clara. Schumann's life came to an early end due to a syphilis infection that he had contracted earlier; the infection led to insanity and Schumann spent the last years of his life in a private asylum near Bonn, where he died in 1856.

Frauenliebe und Leben (A woman's love and life) is a setting of eight poems by Adelbert von Chamisso (1731 – 1838). The cycle is a rare example of a Romantic song cycle written for a female singer and was set by Schumann in 1840. It tells the story of a woman's life from her first sight of the man she falls in love with, through her engagement and marriage, her pregnancy, the birth of her child, and finally, in the last song, her husband's early death (this last song almost prophetically foreshadowing the fact that Robert would leave Clara widowed).

The cycle presents some challenges to the contemporary singer, chief among them being the fact that the poetry was clearly written by a man with a very 19th-century view of women. It can seem, to current readers, that the protagonist of *Frauenliebe* has defined herself solely in relation to her husband – a difficult position for a modern, feminist woman to come to terms with! However, there is also something that rings true about the cycle, despite its somewhat dated poetry. Schumann's exquisite settings bring out the

universal human emotions of the texts and remind us that falling in love is the same for all people of all eras. From the breathlessness of new love in the first song, to the wonder and hushed joy of the sixth song (in which the singer has just discovered that she is pregnant with her first child), to the utter devastation and loss of the last song, the cycle resonates with listeners and performers alike. As the woman withdraws into her memories in the last piece, we hear again in the piano postlude the very first theme of the first song, bringing the cycle full circle – only now, the theme of first love is only an echo, and it brings the cycle to an incredibly beautiful and heartbreaking emotional conclusion.

Hugo Wolf was a German composer best known for his songs for voice and piano. He composed in the *lied* tradition of Schubert and Schumann; however, his songs are harmonically very forward-looking, reflecting the tonal language of Wolf's idol Richard Wagner. The songs demonstrate Wolf's ability to use rhythm and harmony to create the sort of dramatic intensity that would normally be found in a much larger-scale work. Wolf's songs are filled with shifting tonalities and evocative colors that exquisitely represent the poetry being set.

The pieces in this set represent a more reflective side of Wolf. *Verschwiegene Liebe* is a setting of an Eichendorff poem that creates an evocative mood of stillness and mystery, while *Gebet* suggests prayerful devotion.

The last piece in this set, *Mignon*, is beautiful and dramatic, and is my personal favorite of the many settings of Goethe's famous poem *Kennst du das Land*. I hope you enjoy it.

Sfogava con le stelle
Un inferno d'amore
Sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore,
E dicea fisso in loro:
O immagini belle
Dell'idol mio ch'adoro,
Si come a me mostrate,
Mentre così splendete,
La sua rara beltate,
Così mostraste a lei,
Mentre cotanto ardete,
I vivi ardori miei.
La fareste co'l vostro aureo
sembiante
Pietosa sì, come me fate amante.

Dolcissimo sospiro
Ch'esci da quella bocca
Ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fiocca;
Deh, vieni a raddolcire
L'amaro mio dolore.
Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core,
Ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio
martire?
Ad'un sospiro errante
Che forse vola in sen ad altro
amante.

He cried out, with the stars
an inferno of love
under the night sky, his pain.
And he said to them:
O lovely images
Of my adored one,
As you reveal to me
With such splendour
Her rare beauty,
So show to her
My burning love for her.

Make her, with your golden gleam,
Pity me, as you have made me love
her.

Sweetest of sighs
That issues from that mouth
Whence drop all the sweets of love;
Come to sweeten
My bitter grief.
Look, I open to you my heart,
But to whom shall I tell my
martyrdom?
To a wandering sigh
Wafted perhaps to a different lover.

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce
desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,
Prendi questo mio strale,
Aprim'il petto, e vedrai scritto il
core:
Amarilli è'l mil amore.

Amarilli, my beautiful one,
Don't you believe, sweet desire of
my heart,
That you are my love?
Believe it, and if doubts assail you,
Take this my arrow,
Open my breast, and you will see
written on my heart:
Amarilli is my love.

Exulta, filia Sion,
lauda, filia Hierusalem,
lauda, filia Sion!

Rejoice, daughter of Sion,
praise, daughter of Jerusalem,
praise, daughter of Sion!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus,
ecce mundi salvator venit!

Look! Your holy king,
The Savior of the world is coming!

Omnes gentes plaudite manibus!
Jubilate Deo in voce
exultationis! Laetentur caeli!

Clap your hands, all people!
Shout for joy before God in a voice
of triumph! Let heaven rejoice!

Exultet terra in voce exultationis,
quia consolatus est Dominus
populum suum, redemit Hierusalem!

Let the earth leap in joy and shout in
triumph, for the Lord has comforted
his people and redeemed Jerusalem!

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
Quest'ossa in polve e queste membre
in cenere,

E che i singulti miei tra l'ombre
vadano.

Già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'herbe
tenere

Sempre fugge da me, ne lo tratengono
I laci, hoimè, del bel fanciul di
Venere.

Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio
vedano,

E l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,
E che i dannati al mio tormento
cedano.

A Dio crudel, gl'orgogli tuoi
rimangono a incrudelir con gl'altri. A
te rinunzio, ne vo più che mie speme
in te si frangono.

S'apre la tomba, il mio moror
t'annuntio.

Una lacrima spargi, et alfin donami
Di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,
E s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.

I wish I could die. I wish I could
dissolve, my bones to powder, my
limbs to ashes.

I wish my sobs could disappear into
the shadows.

Already those feet which adorn the
grass
flee from me and I am held back in the
trap (Alas!) of Venus's maiden.

See the abyss of my grief!

I weep for my harsh martyrdom:
even the damned yield to my
torments.

I leave thy pride to the cruel god.
I do not want my trust in thee
to be broken any more.

The grave is opening, my death I
announce to you.
Spare me a tear, and in the end
grant me just one last sign of thy pity.
If my love offends thee, forgive me.

Frauenliebe und Leben

I.

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,

Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

II.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht
kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,

dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and
distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly
maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,

viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

III.

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht
glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
Mir war's - ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

IV.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die
Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen
Traum,

many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of
childhood,

Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen
Wert.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first
time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die
Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

V.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the
beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangе,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demut,
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.
Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.
Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your
midst.

VI.

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;

How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;

Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

VII.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner
Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist
das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht
zurück.

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

Hab übergücklich mich geschätzt
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.
Only she that suckles, only she that loves

Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung
giebt;
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

the child, to whom she gives
nourishment;
Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst
dazu!

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou lookst at me and smiles!

VIII.

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter,
unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Now thou hast given me, for the
first time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless
man,
the sleep of death.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt is leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

The abandoned one gazes straight
ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still
zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes
Glück,
Du meine Welt!

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost
happiness,
You, my world!

Verschwiegene Liebe

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Over treetops and corn
and into the splendor -
who may guess them,
who may catch up with them?
Thoughts sway,
the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Only one guesses,
one who has thought of her
by the rustling of the grove,
when no one was watching any longer
except the clouds that flew by -
my love is silent
and as fair as the night.

Gebet

Herr, schicke was du willst,
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, daß Beides
aus deinen Händen quillt.

Lord, send what You will,
love or sorrow;
I am content that both
spring from Your hands.

Wollest mit Freuden und wollest mit
Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten,
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

But may you wish with neither joy
nor sorrow
to overwhelm me!
For in the middle
lies modest contentment.

Mignon

Kennst du das Land, wo die
Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen
glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen
Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der
Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter,
ziehen.
Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen
ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das
Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn
mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind,
getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein
Beschützer, ziehen.
Kennst du den Berg und seinen
Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen
Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte
Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die
Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns
ziehen!

Knowest thou where the lemon
blossom grows,
In foliage dark the orange golden
glows,
A gentle breeze from blue heaven
wafts,
The myrtle still, and high the laurel
stands?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved,
go.
Knowest the house, its roof on
columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its
chambers shine,
And marble figures stand and gaze
at me:
What have they done, oh wretched
child, to thee?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector,
go.
Knowest the mountain with the
misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through
the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons'
ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the
rushing flood!
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Leads our path! Oh father, let us go.